Behold,

I saw Tinker Bell

riding on the saddle of a mighty beast.

She stood like Aphrodite,

her form demanded the comfort of all.

She made men into dogs,

and women into peacocks.

And the whole world beheld comfort at its finest.

Never Land had been made complete upon the earth—

mighty for the men,

its towers rising beneath the heads of the sky.

Its form behaved like the hills

its fruit remembered the tree of knowledge;

its colors were a wonderful spell.

none of the Lord’s creatures stood within Neverland

For its mimicry was too strong for the wild

Then the Fallen Angel laughed.

He had achieved:

Never Land,

But the Lord was not finished.

The Lord had not forgotten

the words of Enoch—

And so the Lord shall wipe Never Land

once and for all

and destroy its soul,

destroy the sugar of the harlot

and let it be cast into the fire.

Then the real heavens shall open,

and the Lord’s holy ones

shall stand by His side.